THE

Rural Lovers Delight,

A Choice Collection of the Newest Songs.

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AULD ROBIN GRAY.

A New Song.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld and the ky a' hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane,
The waes of my heart fa in showers frae my ee,
When my gude-man lies sound by me,
Young Jamie sought me lang to be his bride,
But saving a crown, he had naught beside,
And to make it a pound my Jamie gade to sea,
And the crown and the pound were both for me,
He hadna been gane a week but twa,
When my mither fell sick, and the cow flonn a wa,
My father brake his arm, and my Jamie at the sea.
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.
My father could not work, nor my mother spin;
I toil'd day and night but their bread cou'd na win
Auld Robin fed them baith, and wi tears in his ee
Said Jenny, for their sakes O marry me,
My heart it said na, for I hoped Jamia back,
But the wind it blew high, the ship was a wreck,
The ship was a wreck, why didna Jamia die?
And why do I live to say, Waes me.
Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither didna speak (break
She looked in my face till my heart was ready to
So they gid him my hand, tho' my heart was at sea
And auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me,
I had na been a wife a week but four,
When sitting right woeful at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he
Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.
O sair fa' did we greet, and muckel did we say,

To beſure I have not had ſome ſome ſport,
With the genteels that this place reſort,
Crying, &c.
Then of pretty damſels neat and fite,
Macarones what a ſight,
Of a ſtar light morn I've bid good night,
Crying, &c,
The ſpark replies no one will ſee,
You are deceiv'd my ſoul ſaid ſhe,
There's that Iriſhe thief meaning me.
Crying, &c.
Then I gets a thirteen not to talk,
And I gently ſteals t'words the dark walk,
Then decamp me ſport to balk'd
Crying, &c.

The Faithful Lovers, or Johnny's Return.

AS Nancy fair in deep diſpair,
Sat ſinging in a grove,
My Johnny's gone, I'm left forlorn,
Oh! falſe and perjur'd love.
The vows you made, my heart betray'd;
And my virginity;
Twelve months and more he's left the ſhore,
To croſs the raging ſea.
Why ſo unkind to leave behind,
Nancy, your only dear;
For you I'd go face each foe,
For you I'd nothing fear.
I'd change theſe cloaths theſe ſilken hoſe,
For trowſers and jackets blue,
And help my dear to reaf and ſtear,
Each danger ſhare with you.
While thus ſhe moan'd her love return'd,
Johnny tripp'd o'er the plain,
He met the fair Nancy his dear,

She clasp'd the tender swain.
This golden store from the India shore,
No more abroad I'll roam;
In peacefulness our lives we'll bliss,
So take your wanderer home.
She gave consent to church they went,
The happy knot was ty'd,
The mutual bliss they now possess,
Johnny and Nancy his bride.

A SWEET COUNTRY LIFE.

A Sweet country life is both sweet and charming
For to walk abroad in a fine summers morning
Your houses and cities and lofty fine towers,
Can never compare with the sweet shady bowers
O little doth I admire your robes and fine dresses
Your silk, and your scarlet, and other excesses
For my own country cloathing is to me more enduring (wearing
Than your pretty sweet mantle or my home spun
No fiddle, nor flute, nor hoitboy, nor spinnet,
Can ever compare with the lark and the linnet,
Down is I lay among the green bushes, (thrushes
I was charm,d by the notes of the blackbirds and
As Johnny the plough boy was walking alone
To fetch up his cattle so early in the morn,
He spied pretty Nancy among the green rushes
Singing more sweet than blackbirds and thrushes
On yonder high hills and lofty high mountains,
As she was milking by the side of the fountain,
As the sheep was a grazing on each day morning,
Bright Phœbus did shine and hills were adorning,
So now to conclude and end my ditty,
To all country lasses that are both sweet and pretty
Never forsake your own country employment,
No city can afford so sweet an enjoyment,

THE ROLLING SAILOR.

SAILORS they get all the money,
Soldiers they get none but brass,
I do love a jolly sailor,
Once I was a sailor's lass.

O my little rolling sailor,
O my little rolling he,
I will have a jolly sailor,
Blithe and merry may he be.

My Mother sent me to the well,
To get some water for my tea,
My foot slipt and in I went,
The sailor fell a top of me.

Don't you see the ship a coming,
Don't you see she is in full sail,
Don't you see the Britannia coming,
With the prizes at her tail.

My mother she oft time told me,
Sailors they would win my heart,
I never minded what she said,
But would always take their part.

It was in the month of February,
When the green leaves began to spring,
The little lambs did trip like fairies,
Birds did couple, build and sing,
The rose's red, the violets blue,
Carnation's sweet and so are you.

THE GYPSEY LADDY.

THERE was seven gypsies all in a gang,
They were brisk and bonny O,
They rode till they came to the Earl of Castle's house,
And there they sung most sweetly O.

The Earl of Castle's lady came down,
With the waiting maid behde her O,
As soon as her fair face they saw,
They called them grandmother O.

They gave to her a nutmeg brown,
And a race of the best ginger O.
She gave to them a purse of gold,
Twas the ting from my own dear O.

She pull'd off her high heel boots,
They was made of Spanish leather O,
She put on her Highland hedges,
To follow the Gypsey Laddy. O.

At night when my good Lord came home,
Enquiring for his Lady O,
The waiting maid made this reply,
She's following the Gypsey Laddy O.

Come saddle me my milk-white steed
Come saddle it so bonny O,
As I may go seek my own wedded wife,
That's following the Gypsey Laddy O.

Have you been long have you been here,
Or have you been here early,
Or have you seen a lady
A following the Gypsey Laddy O,

He rode all that night, night,
And part of the next morning O
At length he spy'd his own wedded wife,
She was cold, wet, and weary O.

Why did you leave your house and land,
Or why did you leave your money O,
Or why did you leave your own wedded Lord,
To follow the Gypsey Laddy O.

O what care I for house and land,
Or what care I for money O,
For as I have brew'd so will I return,
So fare you well my honey O.

There was seven Gypsies all in a gang,
And they were brisk and bonny O,
And they'll be hanged all on one tree,
For the Earl of Castle's lady O.

FINIS.